

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe, stallion, he upon't, foh.
 About my braines, hum, I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting at a Play
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murther though it have no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ. Ile have these Players
 Play something like the murther of my father
 Before mine uncle: Ile observe his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my courſe. The spirit that I have ſeene
 May be a divell, and the divell hath power
 T'assume a pleasing ſhape, yea and perhaps
 Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
 As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
 Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
 More relative than this, the Play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Gyl-
 denſterne, Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
 Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Rof. He does confeſſe he feeltes himſelfe diſtracted,
 But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded;
 But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe.
 When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
 Of his true eſtate.

Quee. Did he receive you well?

Rof. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Gyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Rof. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
 Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Rof. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

We

Prince of Denmarke.

We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
 And there did ſeeme in him a kind of joy
 To heare of it; they are here about the Court,
 And as I thinke they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
 And he beſeecht me to entreat your Maieſties
 To heare and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart,
 And it doth much content me,
 To heare him ſo inclin'd:
 Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Rof. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Gyl.*

King. Sweet Gertrard leave us two,
 For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither,
 That he as'twere by accident may here
 Affront Ophelia; her father and my ſelfe,
 Wee'll ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeene
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him as he is behav'd,
 If't be th'affliction of his love or no
 That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you:
 And for my part Ophelia I doe wiſh
 That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
 Of Hamlets wildneſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you
 We will beſtow our ſelves; read on this Booke,
 That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
 Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions viſage,
 And pious action we doe ſugar o're
 The divell himſelfe.

King. O 'tis too true:

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